



DC
COMICS™

23.2

THE NEW 52!

RIDDLE #1

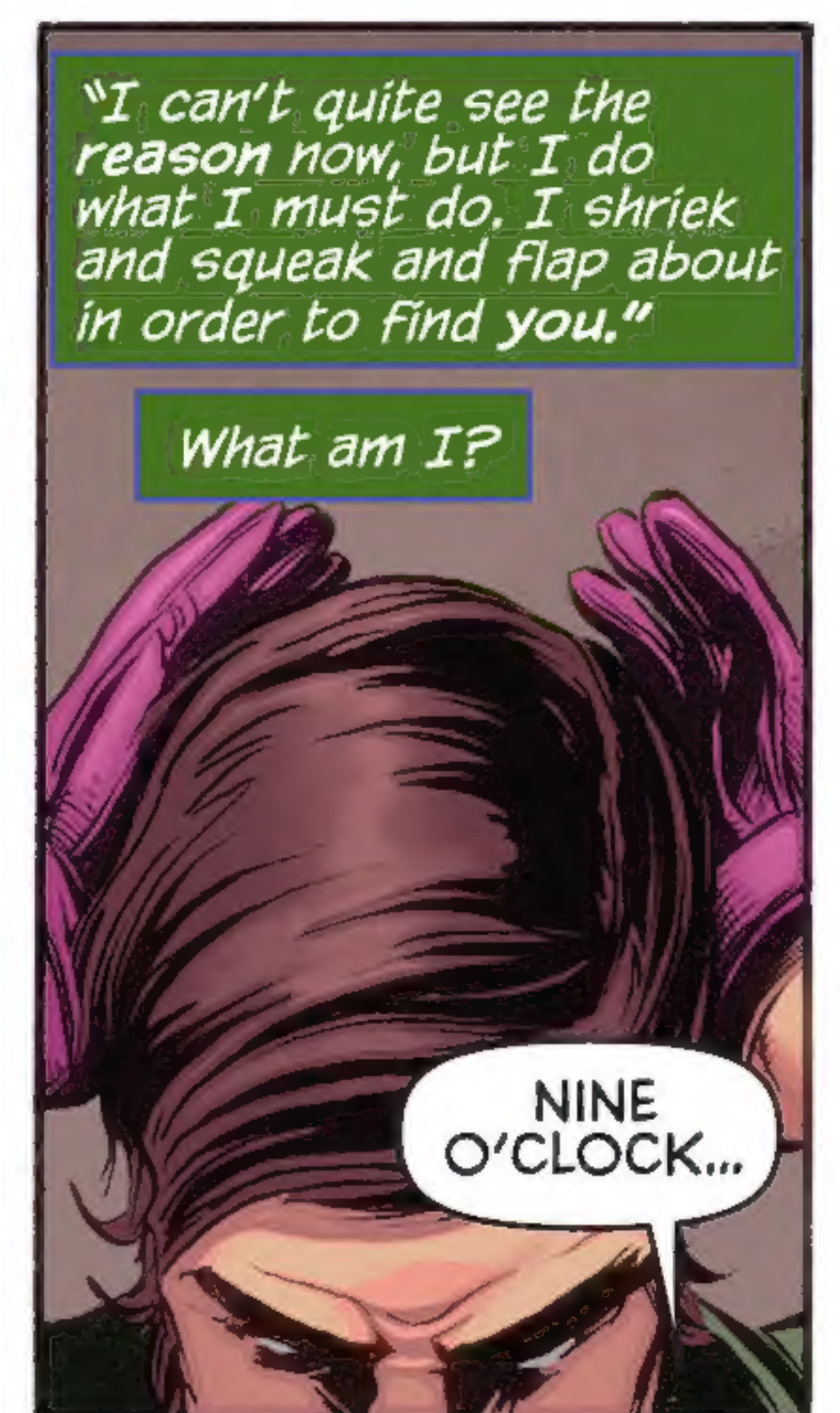
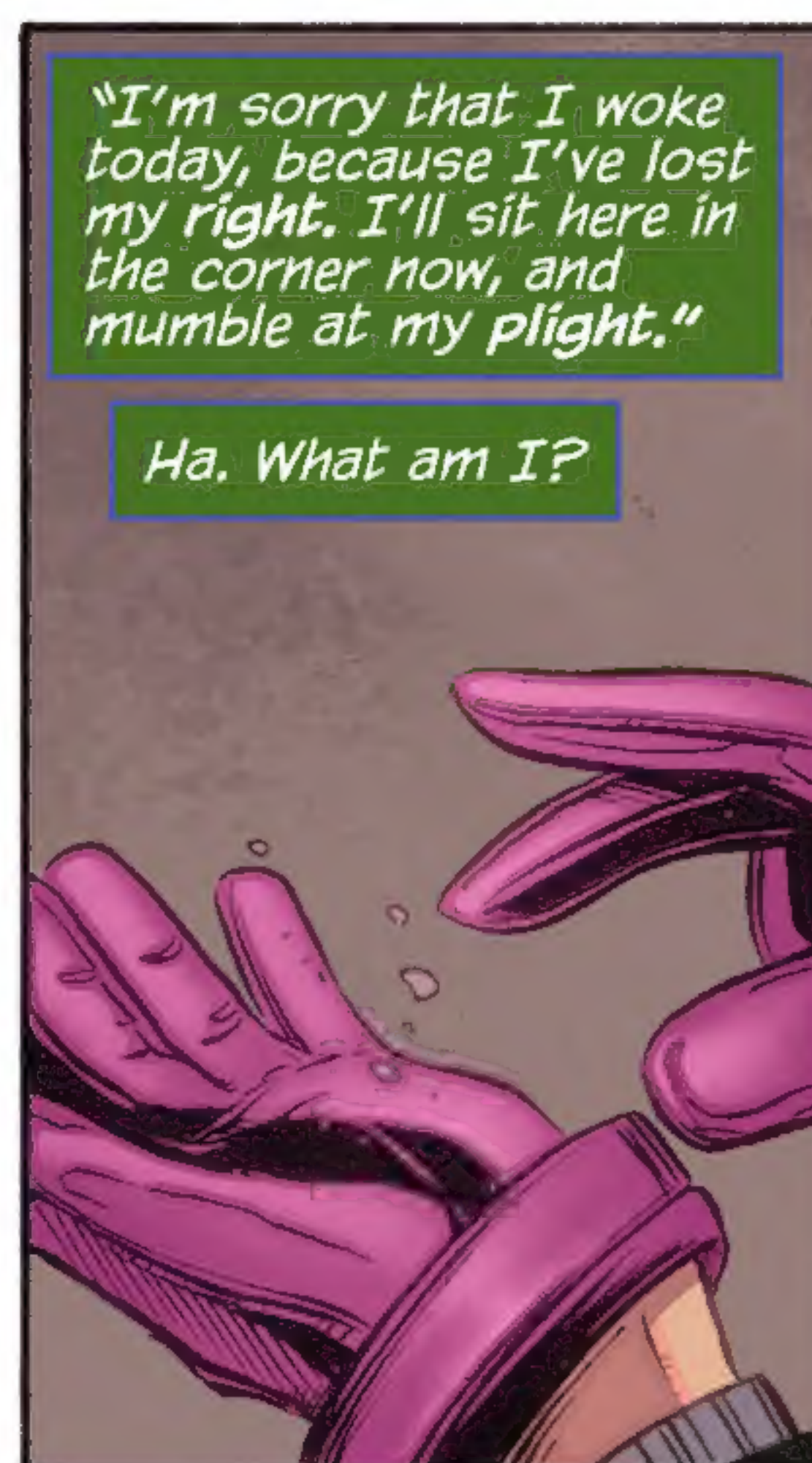
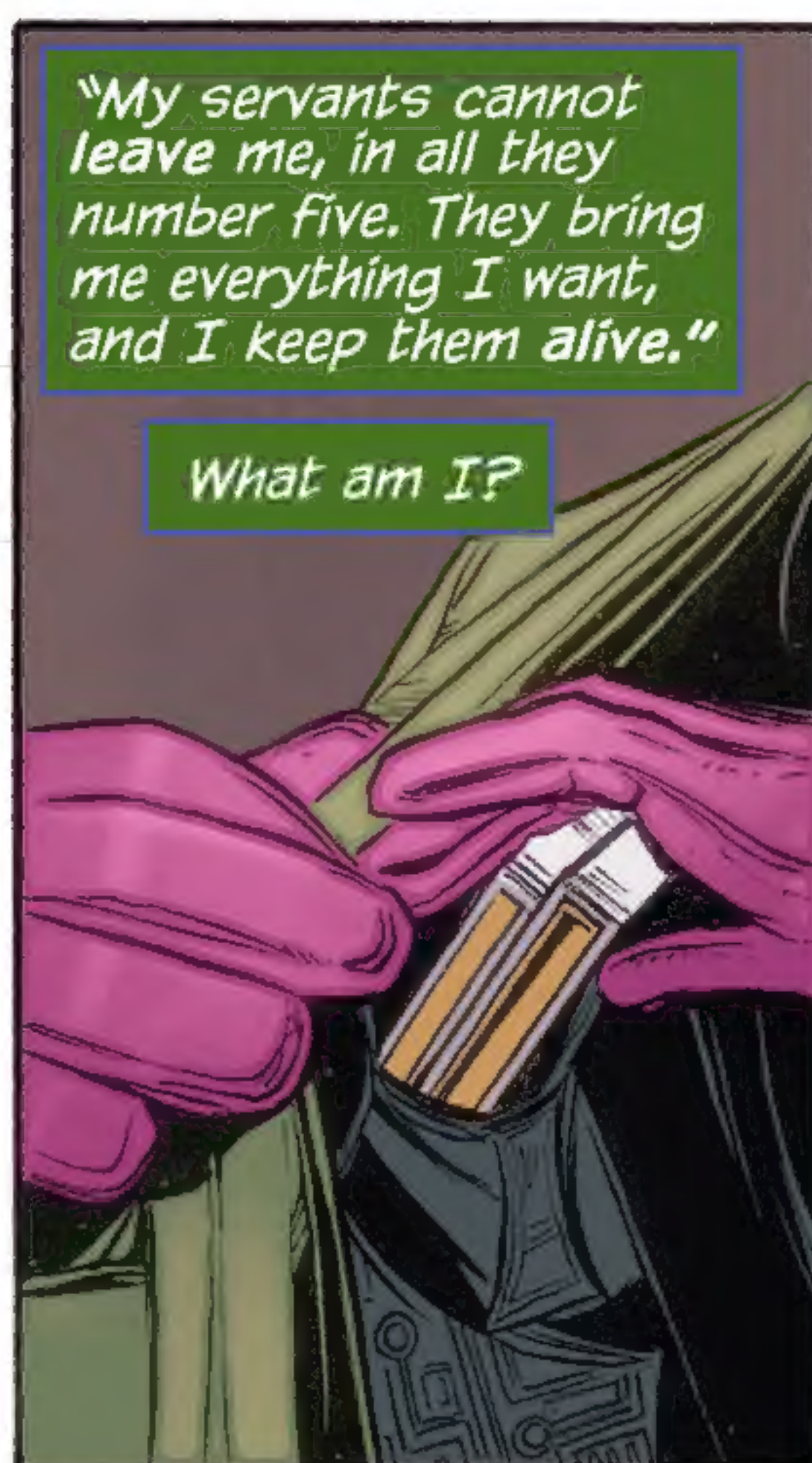


RATED T TEEN

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MARCH
3



...TIME TO
PLAY.

Did you know Wayne Enterprises Tower is the **most secure** building in Gotham City? I've seen the **schematics**. Very challenging.

It locks up tighter than any bank or police armory in the city. Even tighter than the secret **LexCorp** biolab down by the waterfront. I wonder why that is? Can you guess?

The Flash-mob I arranged is gathering out front, coming to protest a misconduct scandal on the **Wayne Charitable** board. The mob is seeded with my people...





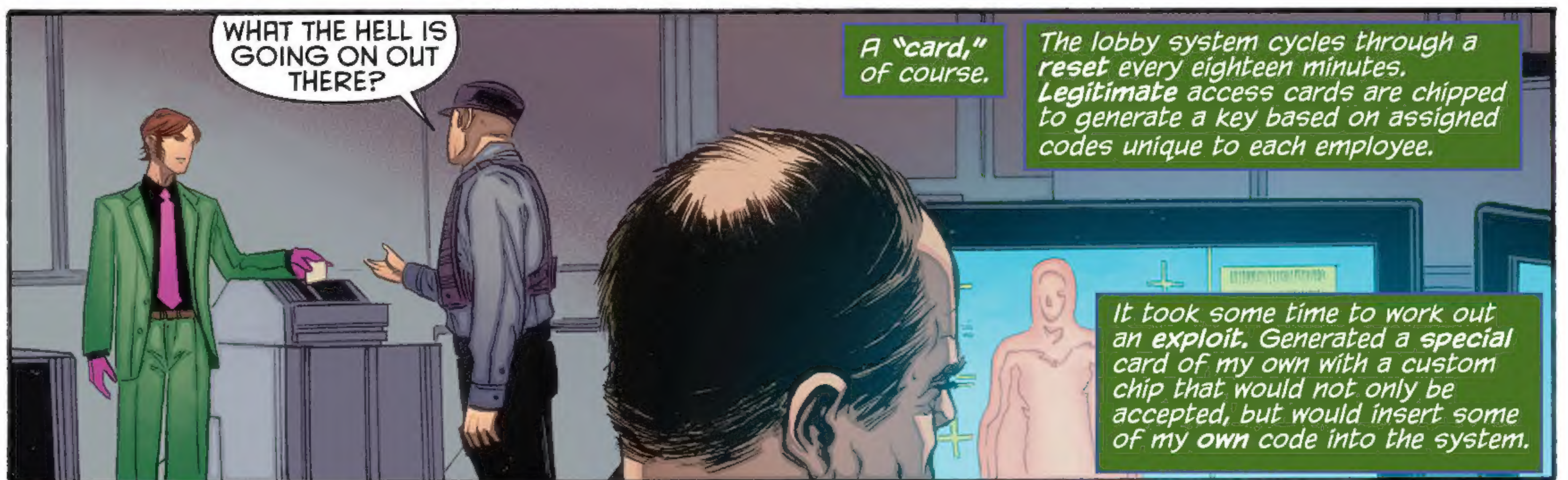
...it's primed to explode.



SIR.



"It's true I don't own many suits, and those are hardly rare. But when I show my noble face, my lessers can't compare."



WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON OUT THERE?

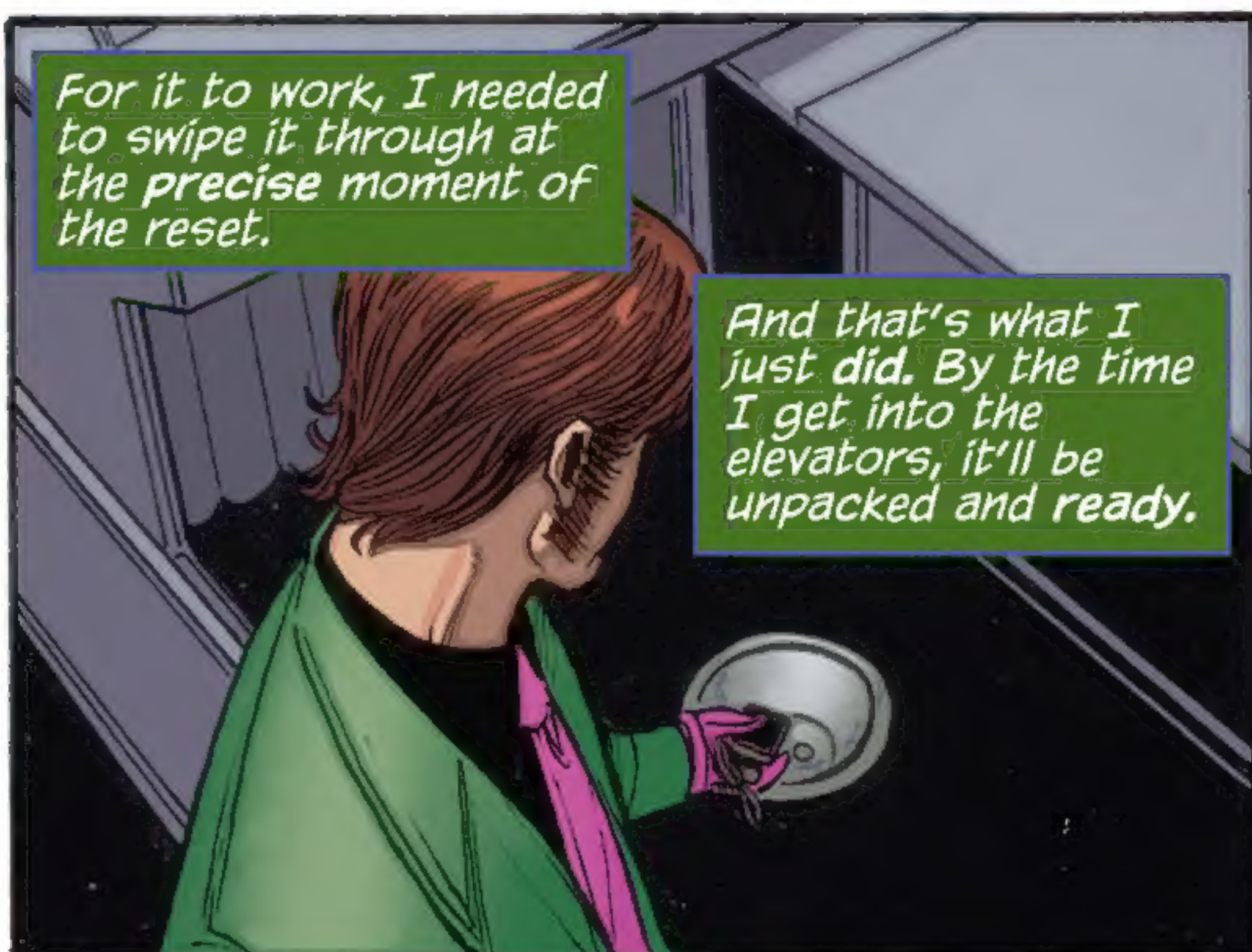
A "card," of course.

The lobby system cycles through a reset every eighteen minutes. Legitimate access cards are chipped to generate a key based on assigned codes unique to each employee.

It took some time to work out an exploit. Generated a special card of my own with a custom chip that would not only be accepted, but would insert some of my own code into the system.



NO MORE SECRETS! NO MORE SECRETS!



For it to work, I needed to swipe it through at the precise moment of the reset.

And that's what I just did. By the time I get into the elevators, it'll be unpacked and ready.



I suggested "Shame on Wayne" for a chant, but viva chaos, I suppose...

NO MORE SECRETS!





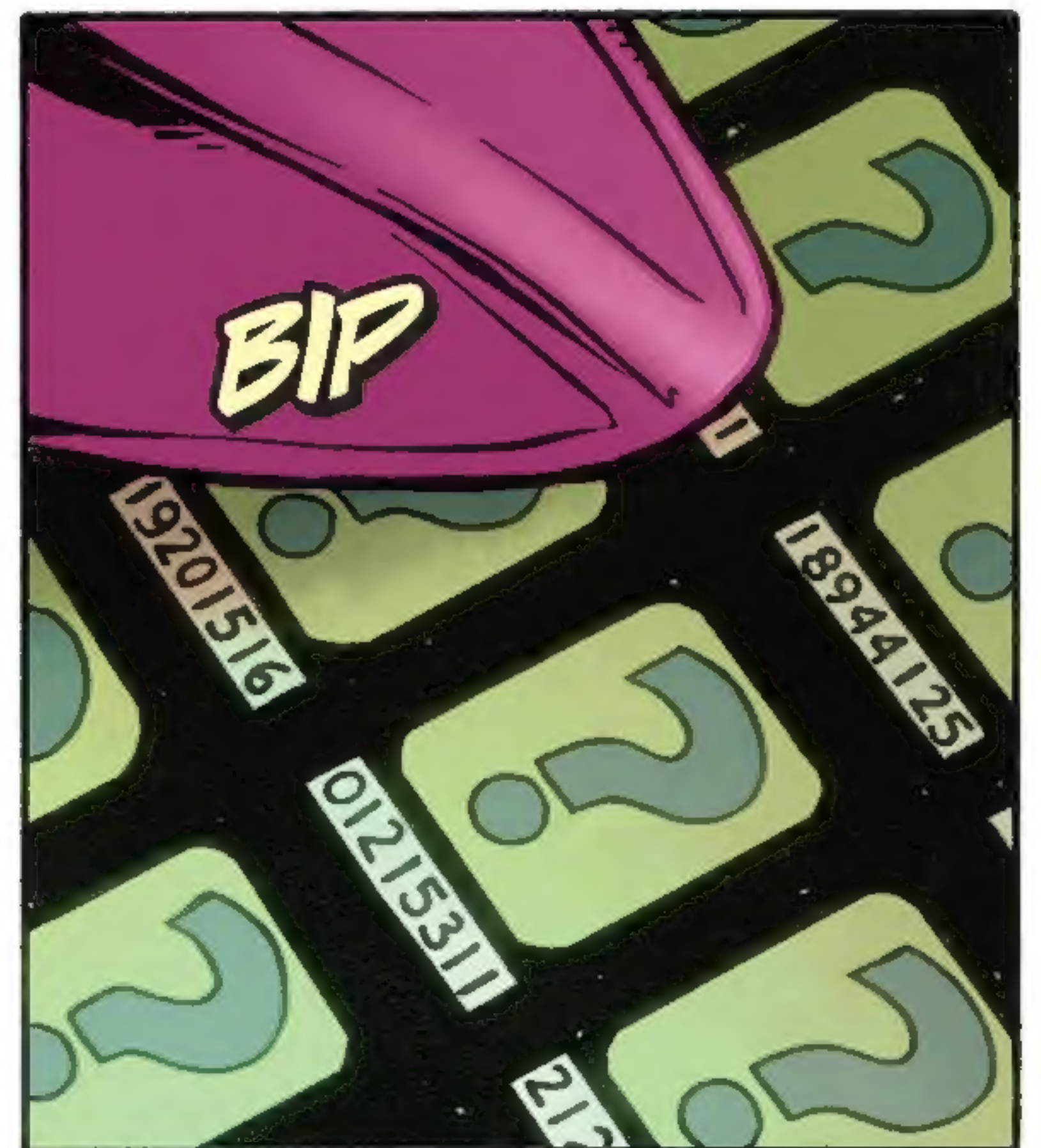
BREAKING NEWS:
S.E.C. FILING AGAINST
WAYNE ENTERPRISES BOARD
OF DIRECTORS: "DISTRESSING
AND DISHEARTENING"
INDICATIONS OF
CORRUPTION...



Hmm
hmmm
hmmm...

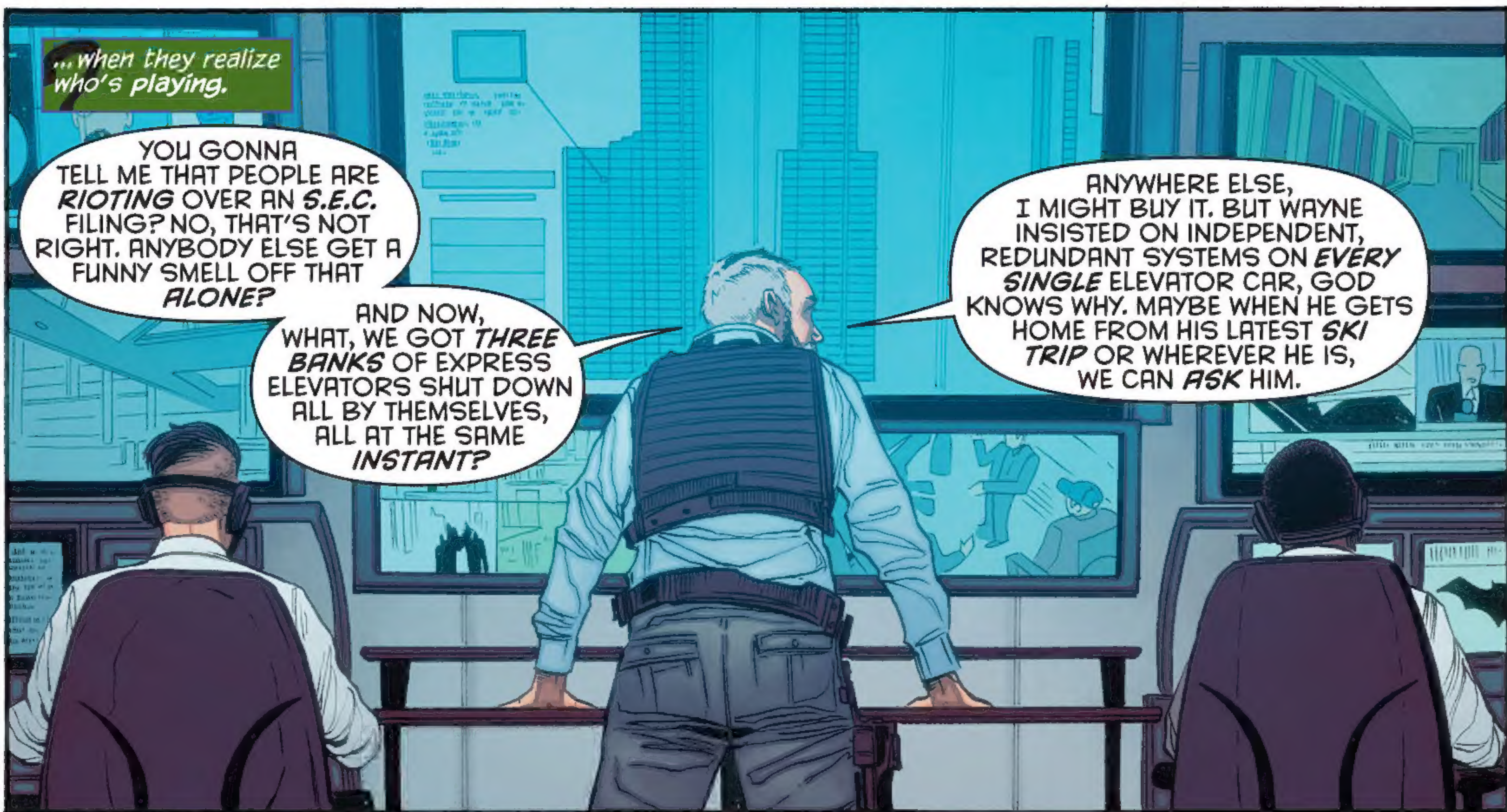


...DOO
DOO...



I do take pleasure
in the small things.

Right about now, Security
Command will begin to
understand that the **game's**
begun. I admit, I'd love to
see the looks on their faces...

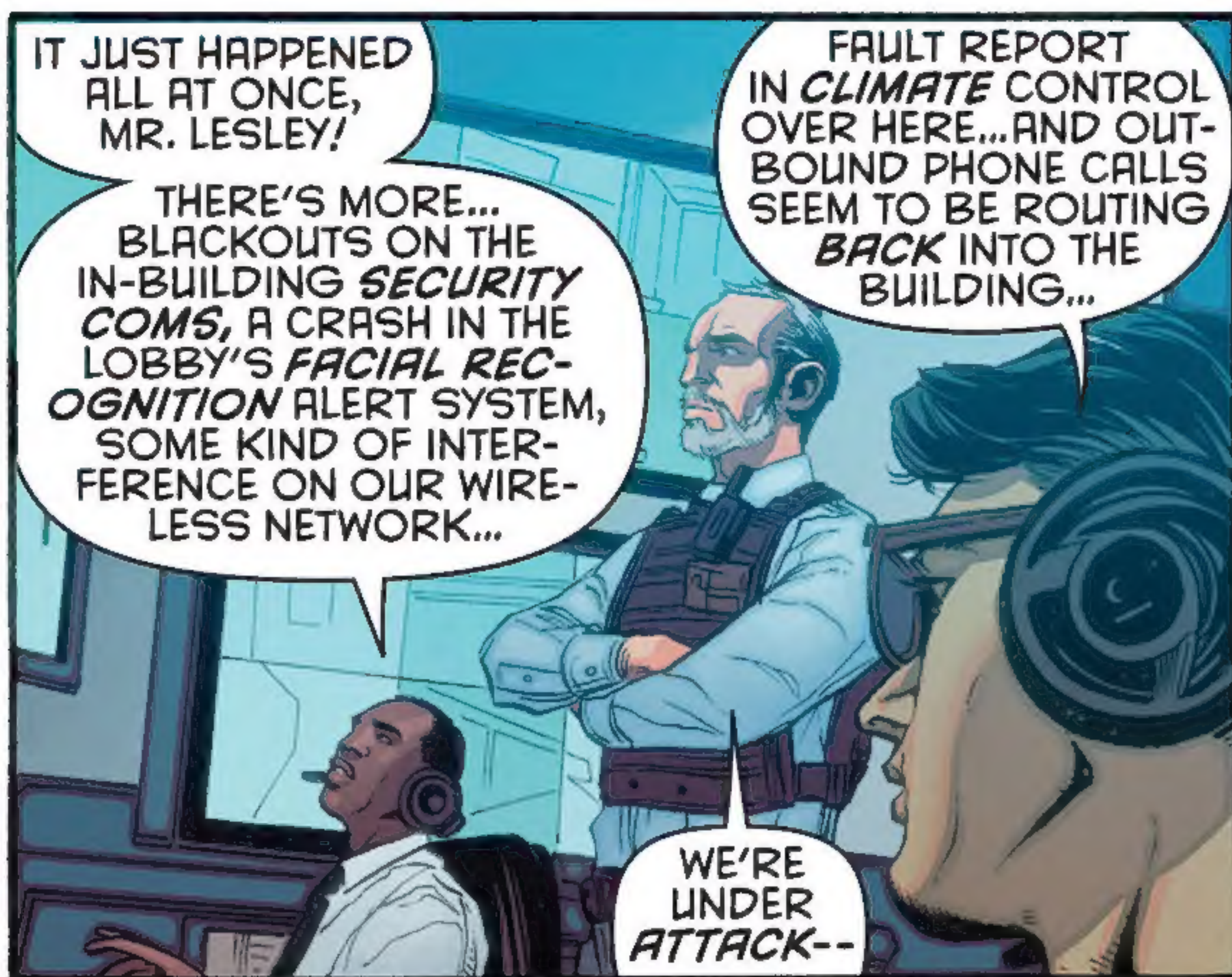


...when they realize who's playing.

YOU GONNA TELL ME THAT PEOPLE ARE RIOTING OVER AN S.E.C. FILING? NO, THAT'S NOT RIGHT. ANYBODY ELSE GET A FUNNY SMELL OFF THAT ALONE?

AND NOW, WHAT, WE GOT **THREE BANKS** OF EXPRESS ELEVATORS SHUT DOWN ALL BY THEMSELVES, ALL AT THE SAME INSTANT?

ANYWHERE ELSE, I MIGHT BUY IT. BUT WAYNE INSISTED ON INDEPENDENT, REDUNDANT SYSTEMS ON **EVERY SINGLE** ELEVATOR CAR, GOD KNOWS WHY. MAYBE WHEN HE GETS HOME FROM HIS LATEST **SKI TRIP** OR WHEREVER HE IS, WE CAN **ASK** HIM.

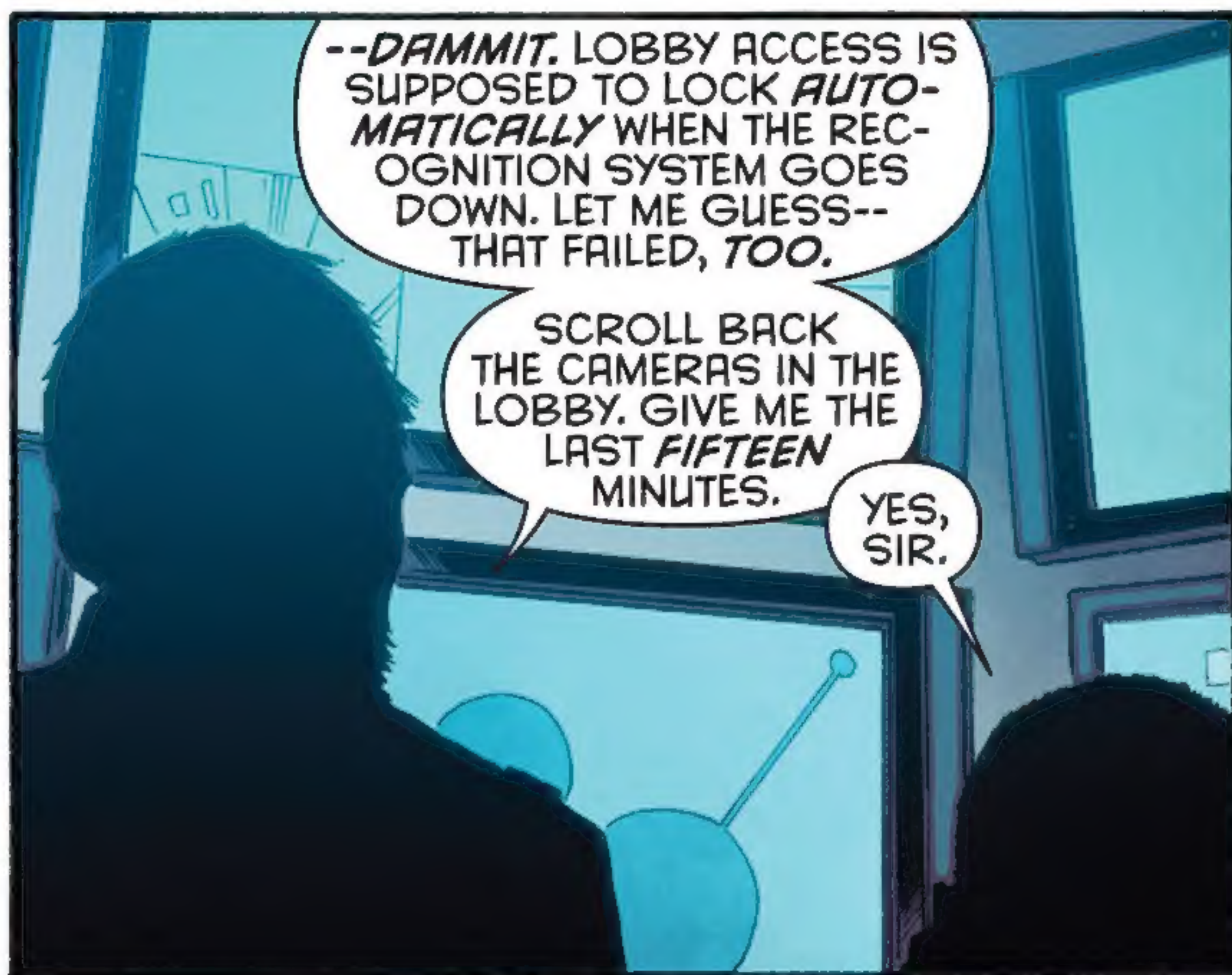


IT JUST HAPPENED ALL AT ONCE, MR. LESLEY!

THERE'S MORE... BLACKOUTS ON THE IN-BUILDING **SECURITY COMS**, A CRASH IN THE LOBBY'S **FACIAL RECOGNITION** ALERT SYSTEM, SOME KIND OF INTERFERENCE ON OUR WIRELESS NETWORK...

FAULT REPORT IN **CLIMATE** CONTROL OVER HERE...AND OUT-BOUND PHONE CALLS SEEM TO BE ROUTING **BACK** INTO THE BUILDING...

WE'RE UNDER **ATTACK--**



--**DAMMIT**. LOBBY ACCESS IS SUPPOSED TO LOCK **AUTOMATICALLY** WHEN THE RECOGNITION SYSTEM GOES DOWN. LET ME GUESS-- THAT FAILED, **TOO**.

SCROLL BACK THE CAMERAS IN THE LOBBY. GIVE ME THE LAST **FIFTEEN** MINUTES.

YES, SIR.



THERE. YOU HAVE GOT TO BE KIDDING ME.

I WANT THE ENTIRE TOWER ON ALERT. **NOW**. THAT'S EDWARD NYGMA.

WHO?



THE **RIDDLER**.

ING EVERY OTHER NT, IN BETWEEN SE. LEAVE ME TO N DEVICE, I GET T AND WORSE.

I'M SORRY THAT I WOKE TODAY, BECAUSE I'VE LOST MY RIGHT. I'LL SIT HERE IN THE CORNER NOW, AND MUMBLE AT MY PLIGHT.

THIS WORLD IS OURS. ? THIS WORLD IS OURS. ? THIS WORLD IS OURS. ?

I CAN'T QUITE SEE THE REASON NOW, BUT I DO WH MUST DO. I SHRIEK AND SQUEAK AND FLAP ABOUT ORDER TO FIND YOU.

MY SERVANTS CANNOT LEAVE ME, IN ALL, THEY NUMBER FIVE. THEY BRING ME EVERYTHING I WANT, AND I KEEP THEM ALIVE.

THIS WORLD IS OURS



It wasn't so very long ago, the last time I was here. But it feels like a lifetime.*

They'll be switching the systems to *secure control* about now. Communications and emergency egress will be the *priority*.

*IT HAPPENED IN ZERO YEAR, SEE BATMAN #21. --MIKE

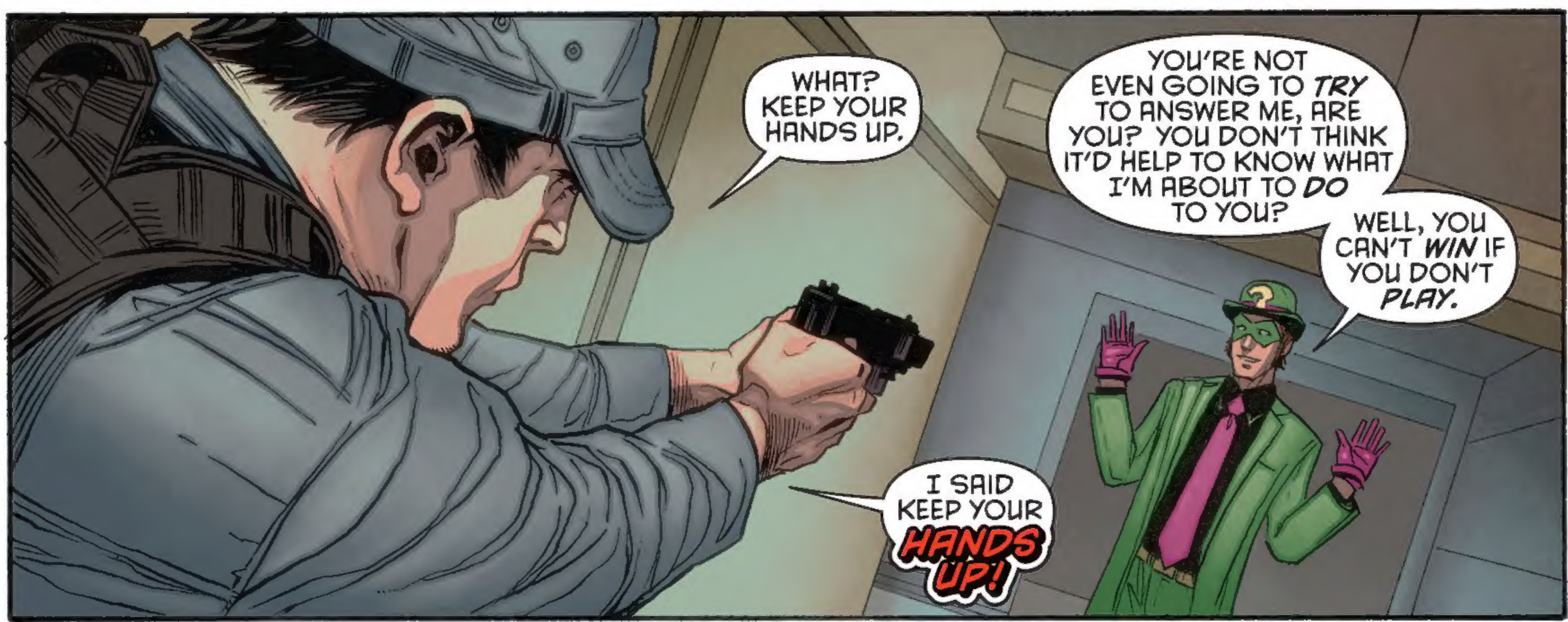


NYGMA. HOLD IT RIGHT THERE.



"ADVANCING EVERY OTHER MOMENT, IN BETWEEN *REVERSE*. LEAVE ME TO MY OWN DEVICE, I GET DIRECT AND *WORSE*."

WHAT AM I?



WHAT? KEEP YOUR HANDS UP.

YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOING TO *TRY* TO ANSWER ME, ARE YOU? YOU DON'T THINK IT'D HELP TO KNOW WHAT I'M ABOUT TO *DO* TO YOU?

WELL, YOU CAN'T *WIN* IF YOU DON'T *PLAY*.

I SAID KEEP YOUR **HANDS UP!**

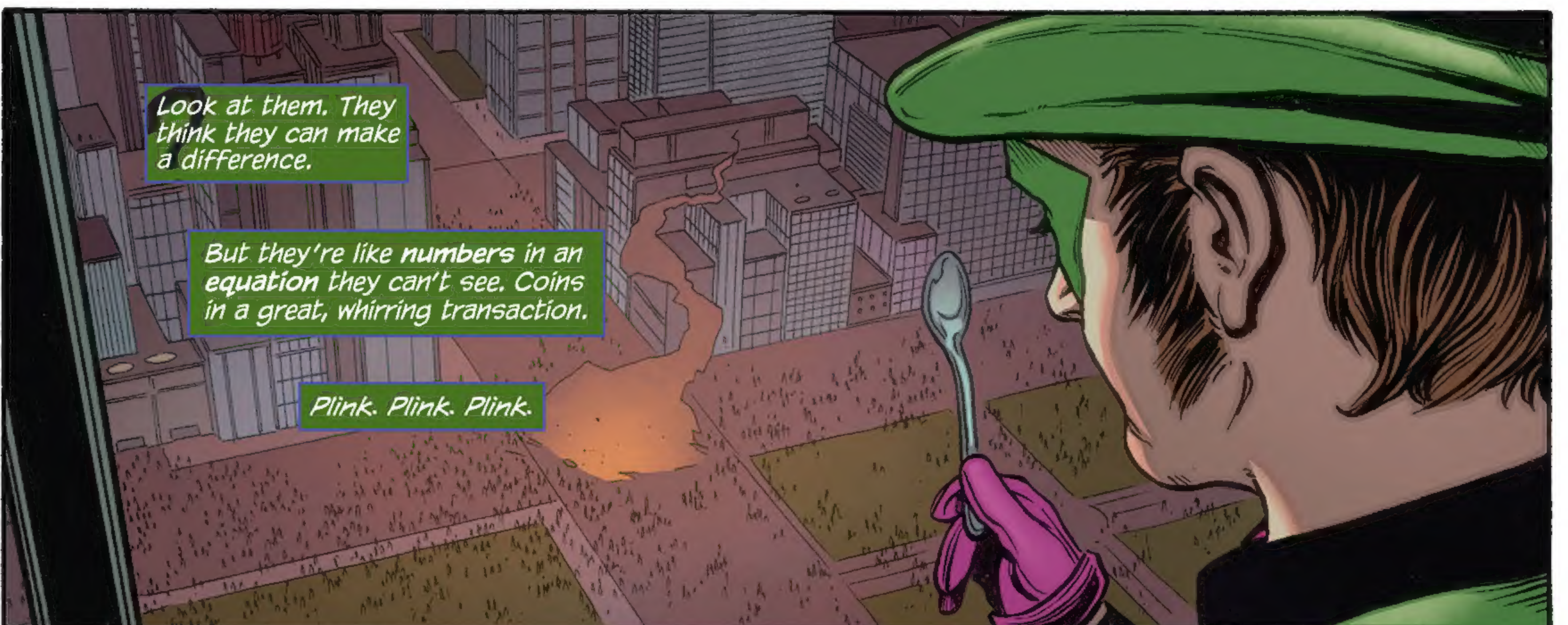
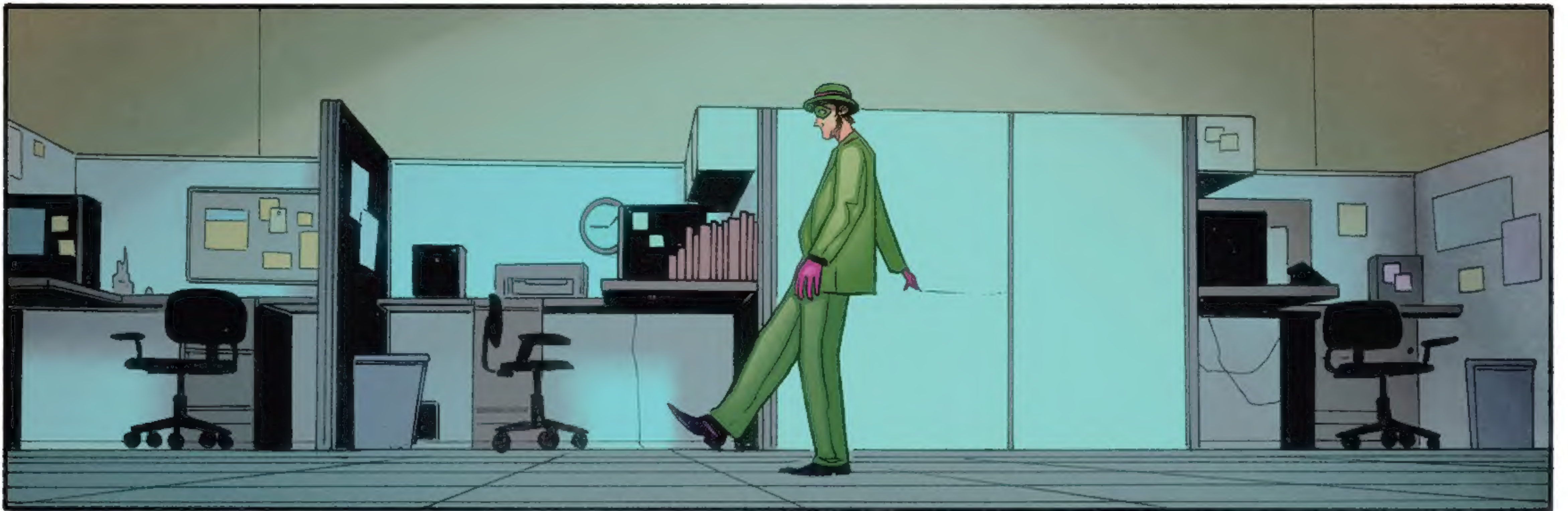
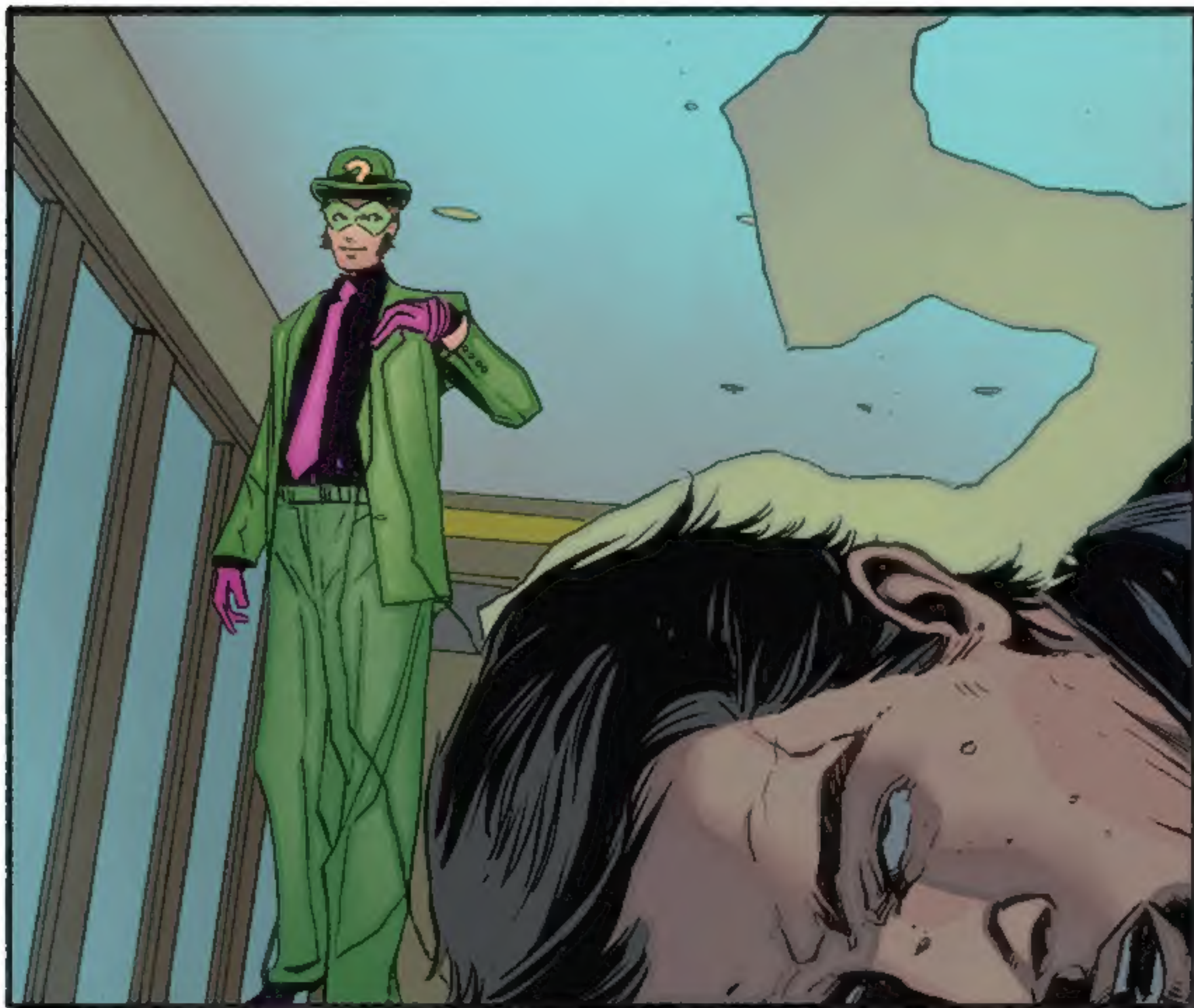


STAY WHERE YOU ARE!

AND WHAT IF I DON'T?









COMMUNICATIONS ARE **PRIORITY ONE!** IF WE CAN'T GET THE SYSTEM UP AND RUNNING, I WANT EVERY GUARD DIALED INTO A CONFERENCE WITH THEIR **PHONES!**

WE NEED TO BE **ORGANIZED.** NYGMA WANTS US CONFUSED AND SCATTERED.

YES SIR, WE--
KKKRZZRT



ZZKKTTT
--A RIOT ON OUR HANDS AT THE FRONT D--
SZZKK

DAMMIT. CAN YOU HEAR ME?



KKZT
--SYSTEM OUTAGE ON--
KKKZZK

ZZK
--NO POLICE, I REPEAT WE HAVE NO POLICE RESPOND-
ING--
KKK

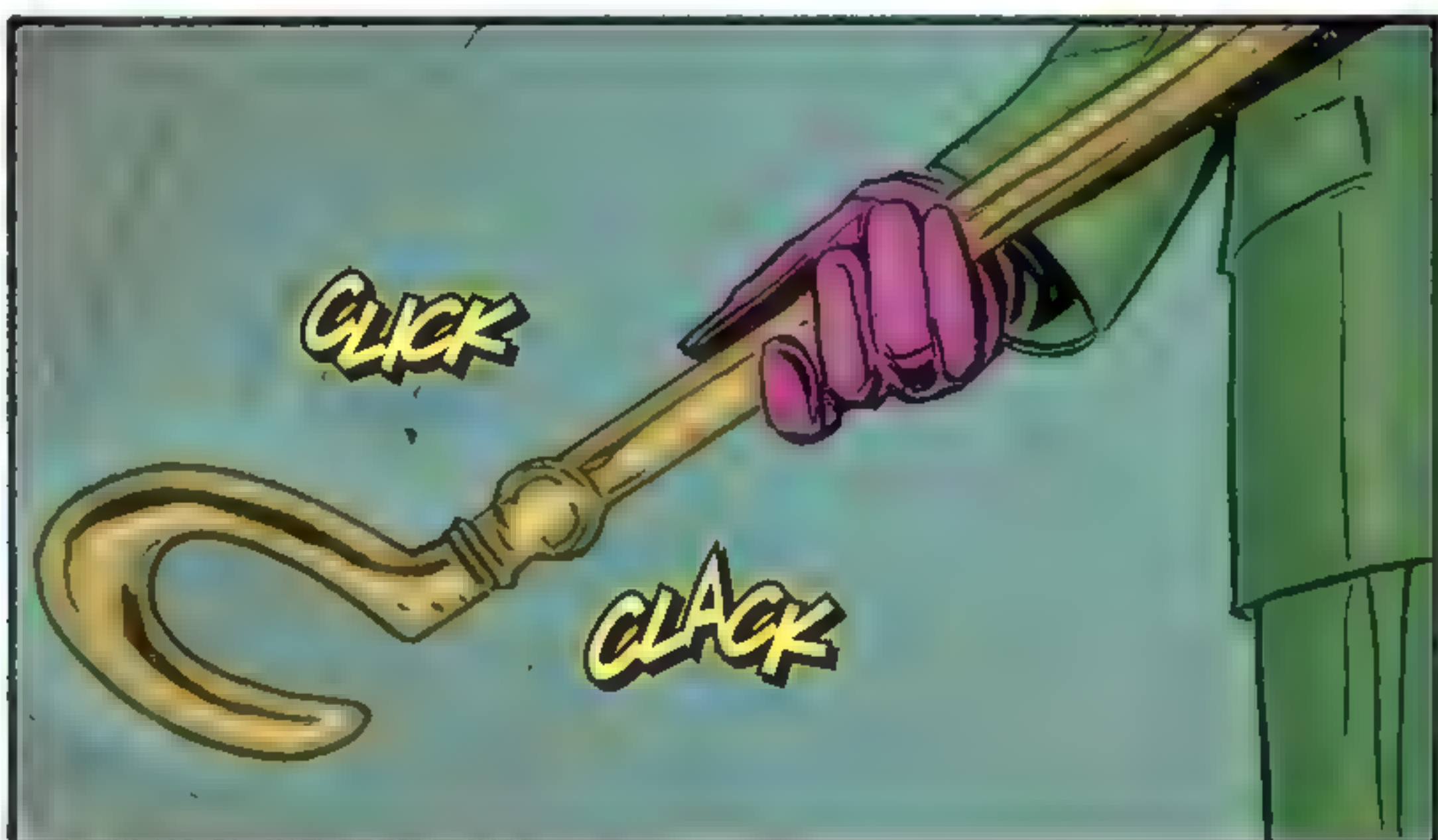
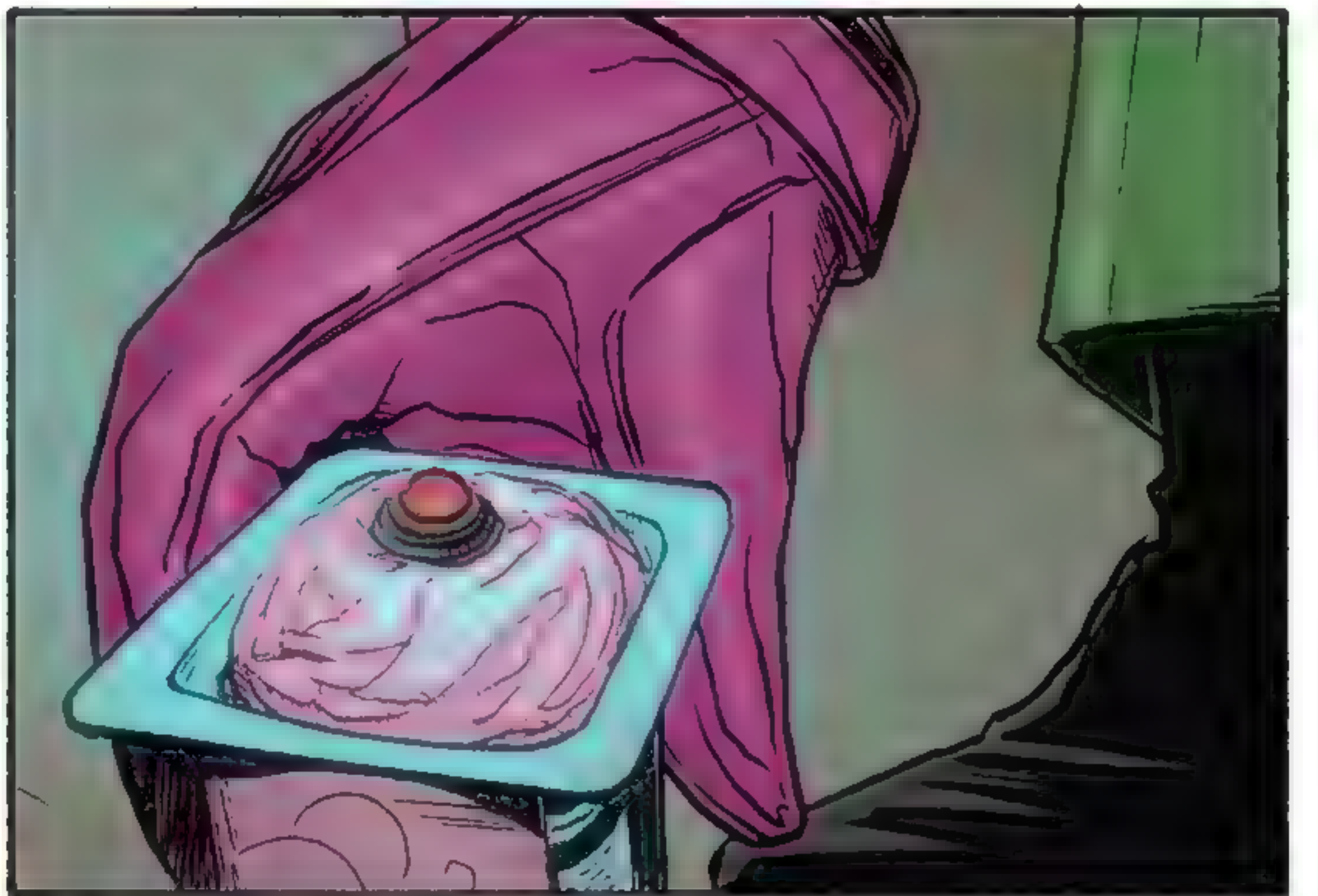
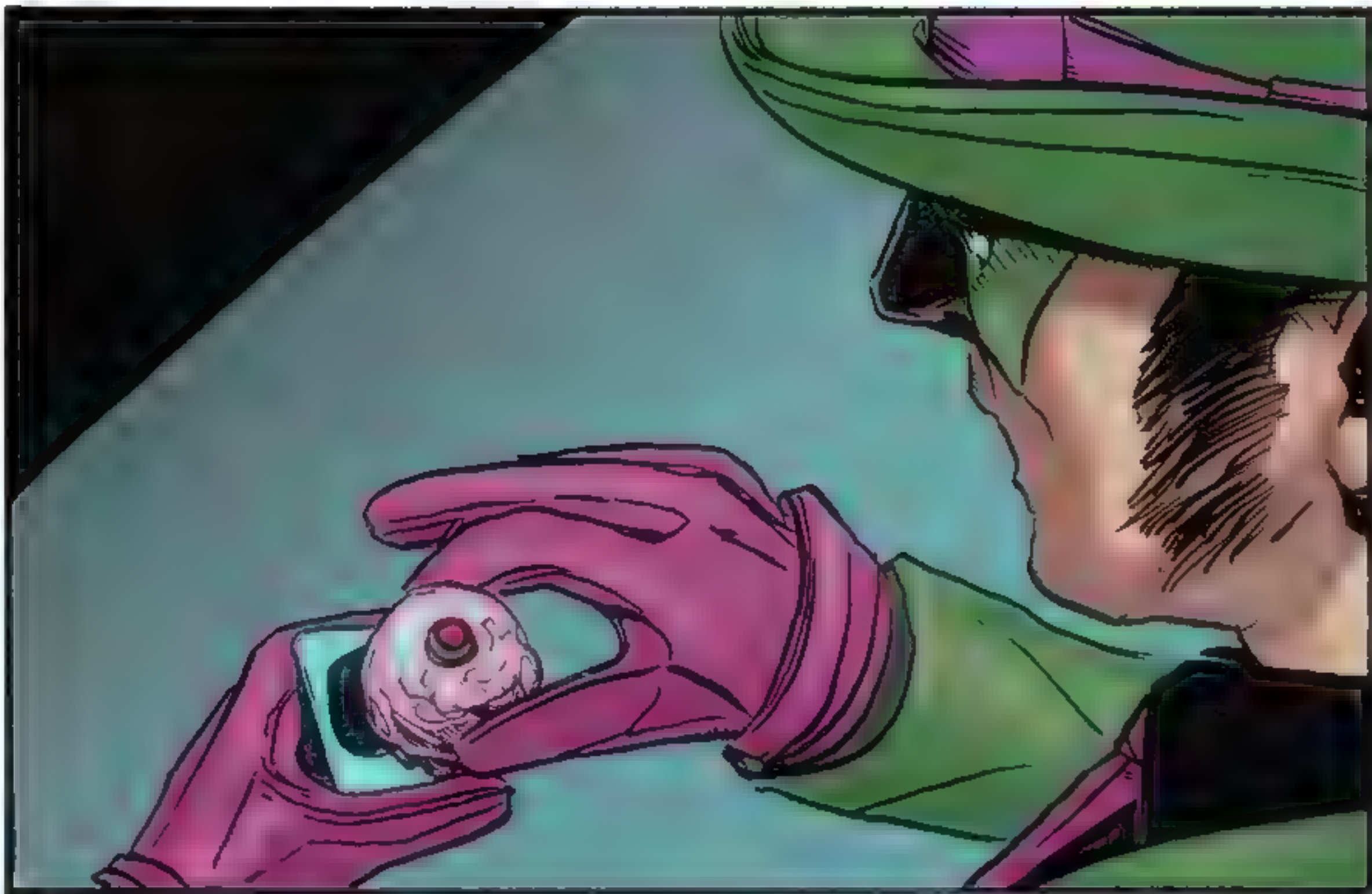
ZZTTH
--SIR, HE'S OFF-CAMERA. WE LOST HIM. SIR?

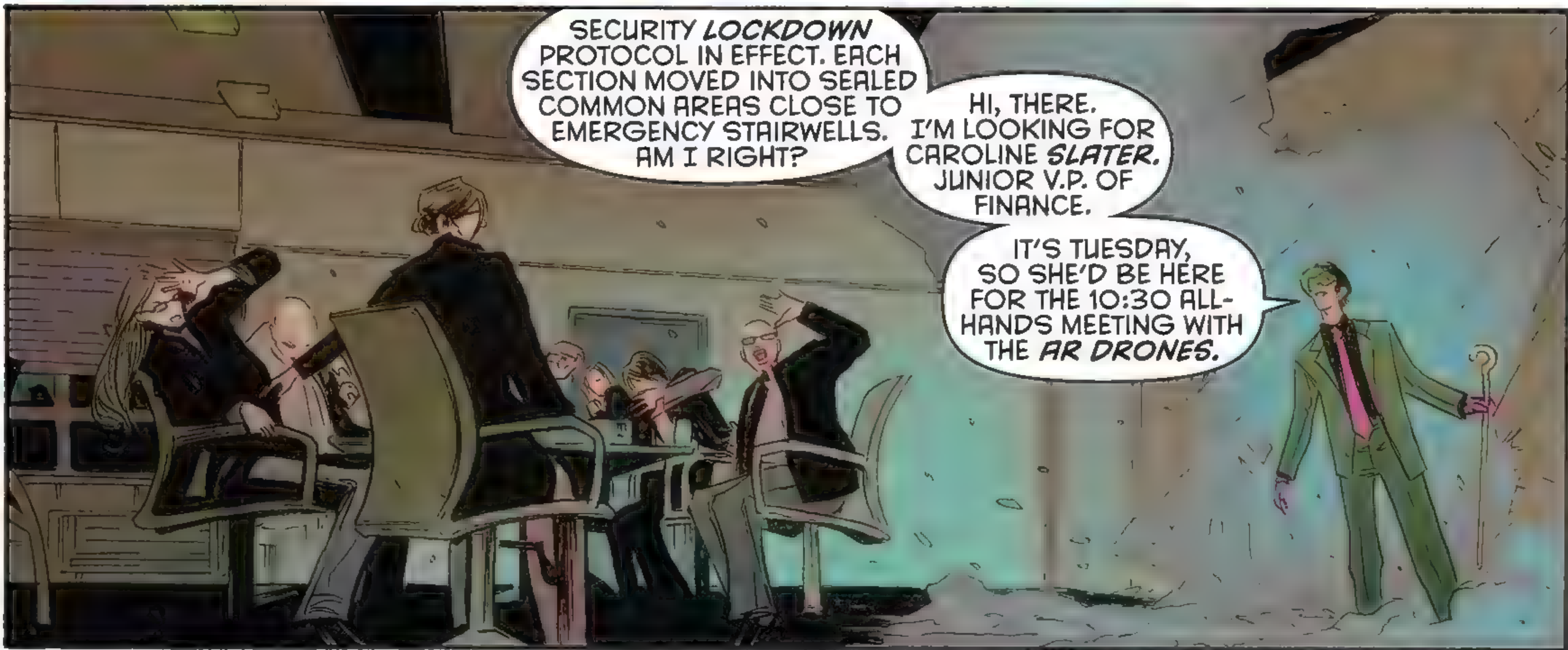
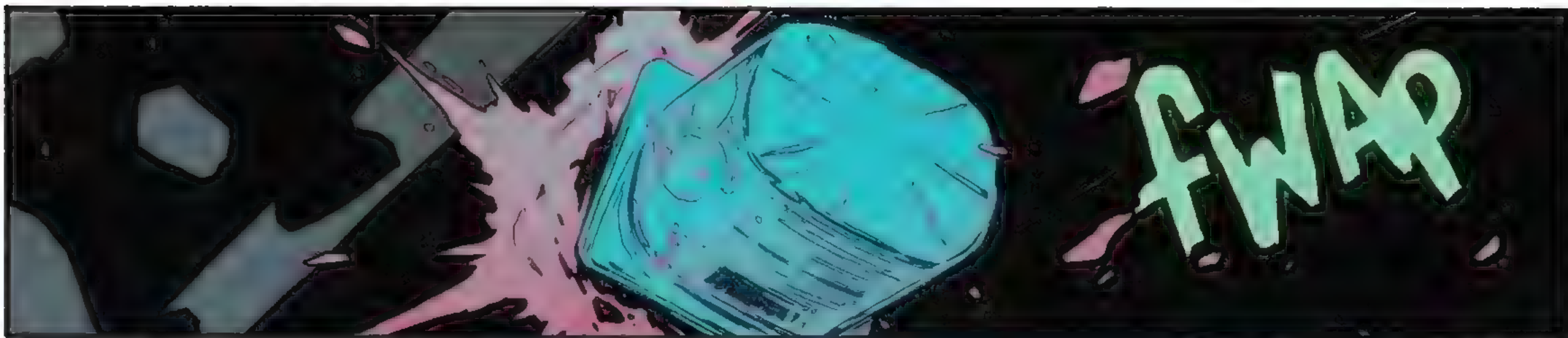
I KNOW WHERE HE'S GOING. I KNOW HIM.



YOU SON OF A--

--SHOWING YOUR DAMN FACE **HERE** AGAIN...











Upward. Never mind the momentary distraction. These things are bound to happen.



It's not as if I didn't plan for them. But that woman put my riddles out of order.

Breathe in. Picture a field of smooth black felt.



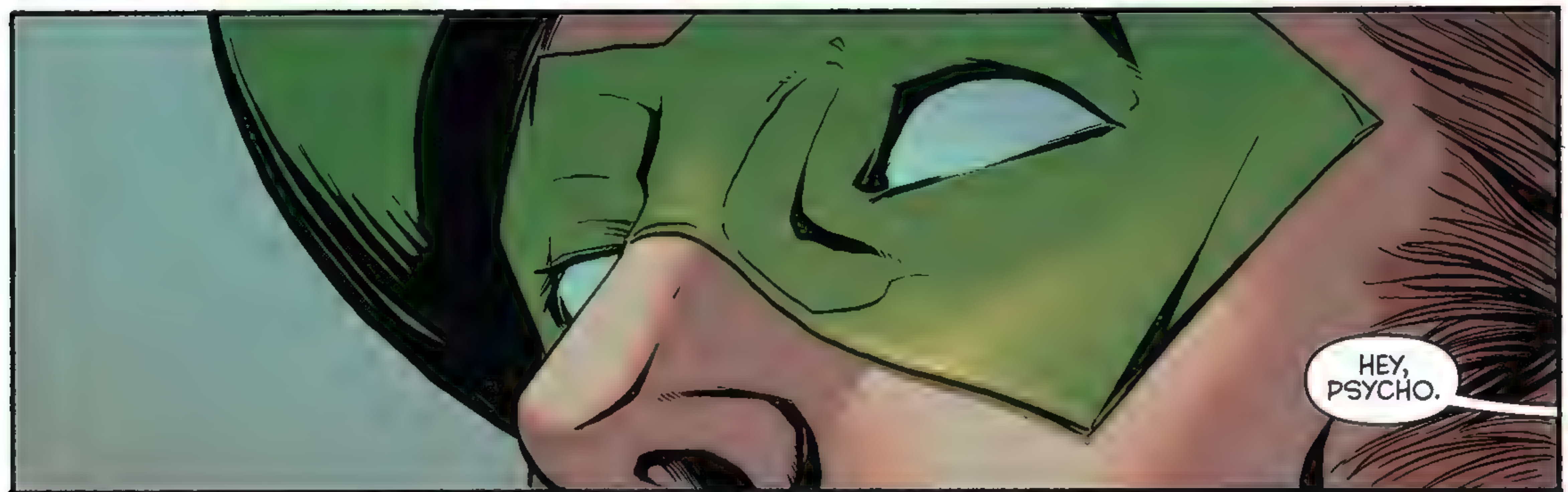
Breathe out. Not a spot of lint or dirt. Perfect.



Perfect.

There was a time in my life where nothing upset me like this. Where I didn't need my meditation exercises.

I remember how happy I was. It's so strange to think of it, now. The insults meant nothing.

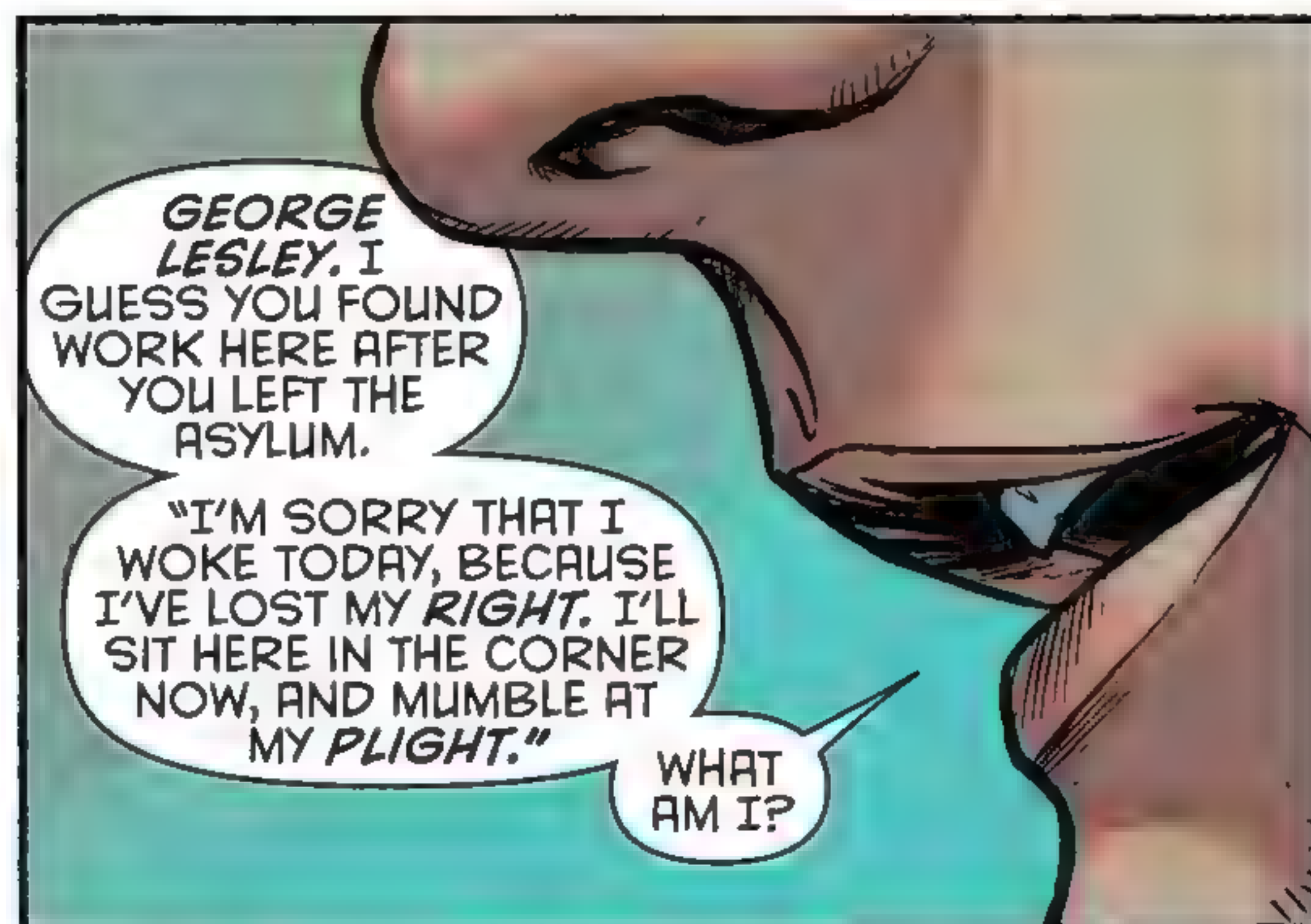


HEY, PSYCHO.



IT'S BEEN
A *WHILE*, huh?
GUESS YOU WEREN'T
EXPECTING TO SEE
ME HERE.

REMEMBER
ARKHAM? YOU STARING
WIDE, TRYING NOT TO *CRY*
BECAUSE I'D TAKEN YOUR
CARDS AWAY. TRYING NOT TO
LET ME SEE HOW *BROKEN*
UP YOU WERE.



GEORGE LESLEY. I
GUESS YOU FOUND
WORK HERE AFTER
YOU LEFT THE
ASYLUM.

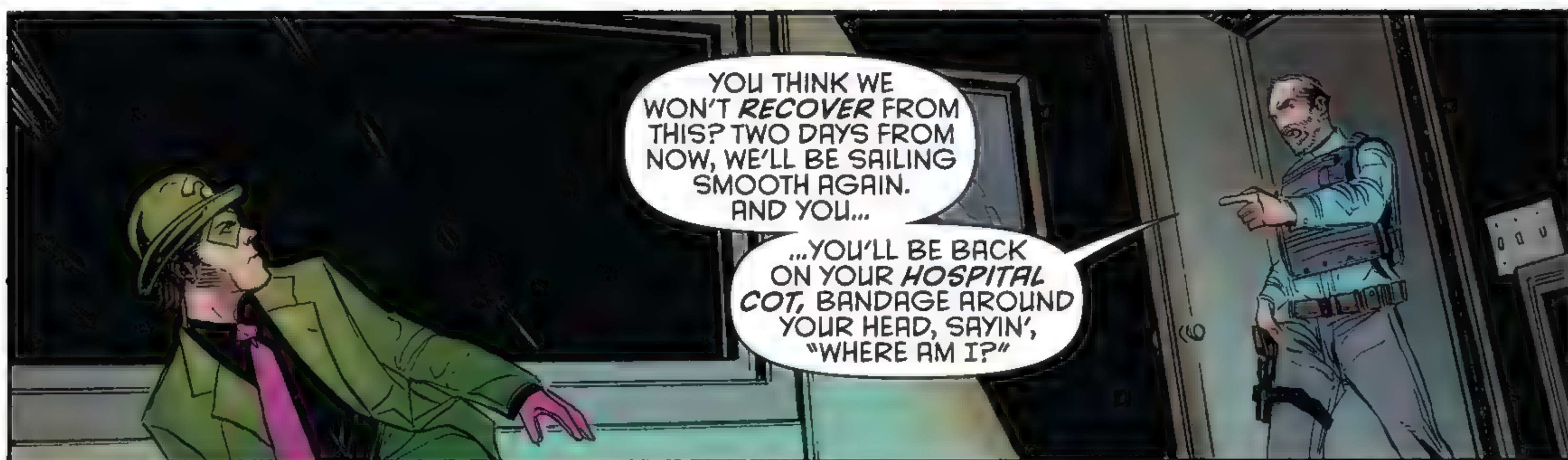
"I'M SORRY THAT I
WOKE TODAY, BECAUSE
I'VE LOST MY *RIGHT*. I'LL
SIT HERE IN THE CORNER
NOW, AND MUMBLE AT
MY *PLIGHT*."

WHAT
AM I?



YOU'RE A TWISTED
LITTLE *LOONY* WHO
JUST CAN'T *HELP*
HIMSELF.

LOOK AT YOU
COMING BACK HERE
AFTER THEY THREW YOUR
ASS *OUT* YEARS AGO.
ALL'A THIS MESS, ALL THE
PLANNING IT MUSTA TAKEN.
YOU MUSTA BEEN SITTING
THERE BURNING ALL
THIS TIME.

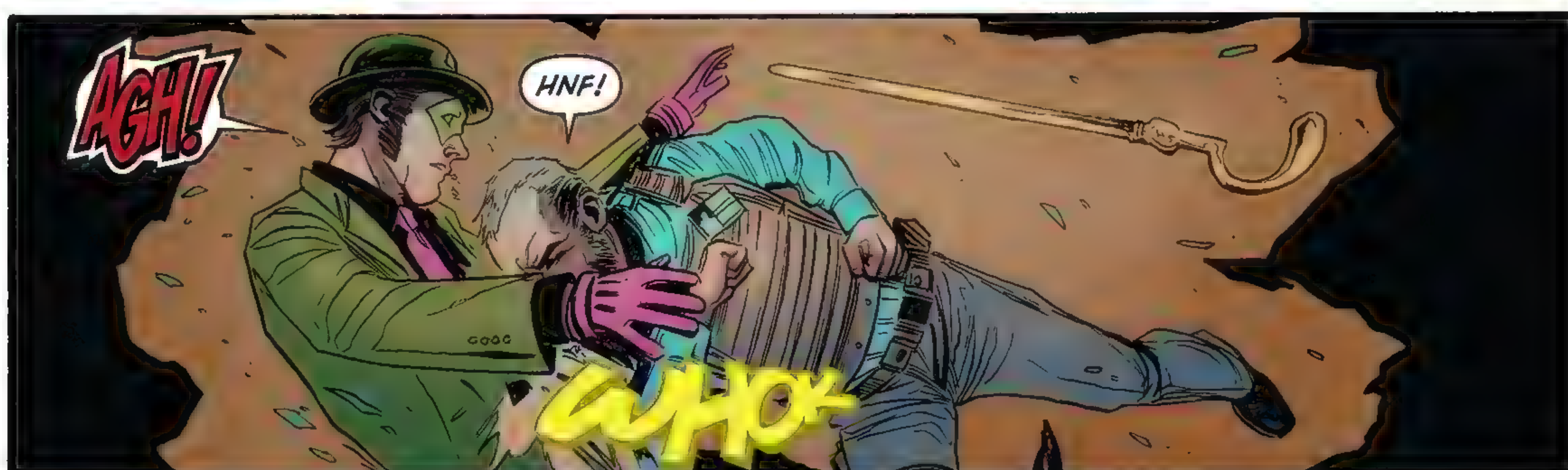


YOU THINK WE
WON'T *RECOVER* FROM
THIS? TWO DAYS FROM
NOW, WE'LL BE SAILING
SMOOTH AGAIN.
AND YOU...

...YOU'LL BE BACK
ON YOUR *HOSPITAL*
COT, BANDAGE AROUND
YOUR HEAD, SAYIN',
"WHERE AM I?"



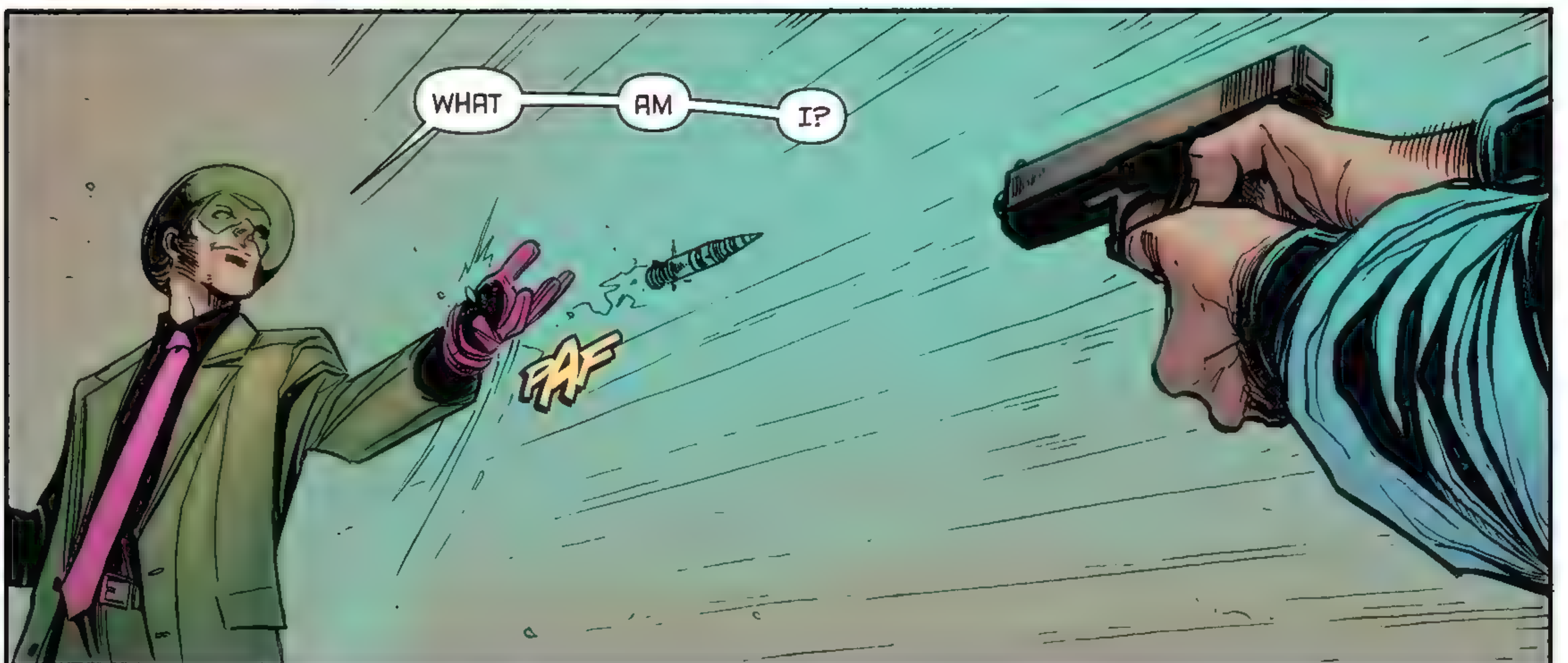
SAYING,
"*NOT*
AGAIN!"



AGH!

HNF!

WHOP





CAN'T YOU
GUESS?



IT'S *YOU*,
GEORGE. THE
ANSWER TO THAT
ONE IS *YOU*.

THE TOWER,
YES. I'M HERE FOR THE
CHALLENGE IT REPRESENTS.
HEADED FOR THE *TOP*,
RIPPING IT UP AS I GO, AND
NOBODY'S GOING TO
STOP ME.

BUT IF WE'RE
BEING HONEST, I
CAME HERE FOR
YOU.



THAT'S THE ARM
YOU *PUSHED* ME WITH,
WHEN YOU TOOK THE SMALL
COMFORT I'D MADE FOR
MYSELF IN THAT CELL, ALL
THOSE YEARS AGO.

THAT'S
THE HAND
YOU *DARED* TO
TOUCH ME
WITH.

THE
RIGHT.

SO
YOU *LOSE*
IT.

I GOT YOU,
YOU SUBHUMAN
BULLY. YOU *HALFWIT*.
ALL THAT'S *LEFT* NOW,
IF YOU'LL FORGIVE
THE PUN...



"...IS TO FINISH
MY GAME OF
CARDS."



The building's systems are un-
raveling. My secondaries kicked
in when the secure protocol
started up.

Everything above the
tenth floor is locking
security out and
going dark.

All this work, and here I stand.
Every secret, every treasure in
here is mine for the taking. The
whole of the tower is laid bare,
if I want it.



"I CAN'T
QUITE SEE THE
REASON NOW, BUT
I DO WHAT I
MUST DO."



"I SHRIEK
AND SQUEAK
AND FLAP ABOUT IN
ORDER TO FIND
YOU."

There's just
one thing I
really want.

And that's to face the only
opponent worthy of my
best efforts. To be tested
and to prevail.

They say the
Batman's dead
and gone.

Somehow, I doubt it. Somehow,
I imagine I'll be seeing him
again. And to be honest, I'm
just killing time until I do.



DC COMICS
UNLEASHES

THE RIDDLER

SOLITAIRE

STORY BY SCOTT SNYDER & RAY FAWKES WRITTEN BY RAY FAWKES ARTIST JEREMY HAUN
COLORIST JOHN RAUSCH LETTERER TAYLOR ESPOSITO COVER GUILLEM MARCH
ASSOCIATE EDITOR KATIE KUBERT GROUP EDITOR MIKE MARTS
BATMAN CREATED BY BOB KANE

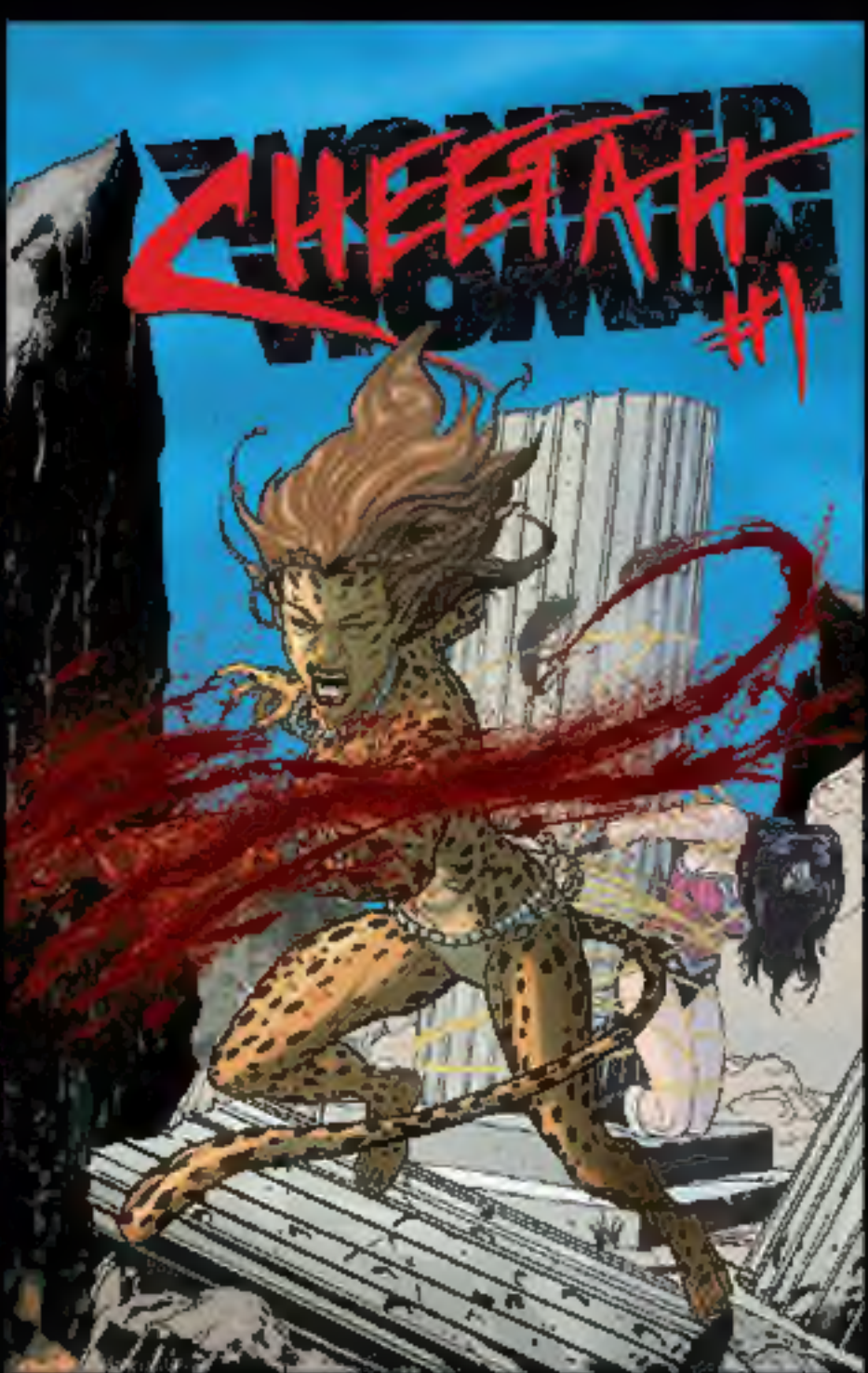
TO BE CONTINUED IN
BATMAN #25:
ZERO
YEAR



Following the incredible events of Trinity War,
the Secret Society is back – and in the pages of the new miniseries **FOREVER EVIL**, the heroes are
dead. And in their absence, evil runs amok across the
DC Universe!

So get ready, as all the greatest villains of the DCU take center stage,
from Arcane to Zod, from The Joker to The Penguin, from Relic to
Cheetah – and many more!





DC
COMICS™



ZONE